

VOLUME OF THE RESIDENTS

Vol. IX, No.5

Cockeysville, Md.

January 1988

LOOKING BACK

"It was the best of times - it was the worst of times." Another year marked with the loss of many old friends but with the acquisition of many new ones. Broadmead has lived within its budget, the reserve fund is satisfied and financial projections for this year are rosy.

Yet again the Christmas decorations are beautiful thanks to Mary Louise Hibline and her many cohorts. You've seen them so we need say no more. Each year has seen more and more lighted trees in the clusters. There has been music and carols befitting the season and the very attractive Country Store to visit.

We had the full gamut of weather - delightful spring and summer days, a double rainbow, terrific rains, resplendent autumn foliage, snowstorms and all sorts of in-between weathers all of which we enjoyed, endured or tolerated.

Comments on the political year we leave to the Discussion Group - the record of flower arrangements to the Camera Club - our delightful food and medical care to the Administration, Food Service, Housekeeping and Outpatient. These staffs are their own best advertisement. Credit for the total homey, friendly, heart-warming and caring atmosphere belongs to all - Administration and Residents.



Happy New Year!

ART SHOW AT BROADMEAD

From January 5th until March 31, 1988 there will be an exhibition of paintings by Chaverte in the Main Dining Room at Broadmead. Chaverte was born in the Netherlands, came to America at 18, obtained her BA in English Literature from Smith College and attended Yale University School of Art, The Studio School of Individual Art in Cambridge and the Maryland Institute in Baltimore. Since 1966 she has maintained a studio in Baltimore, concentrating almost exclusively in painting in oil. Chaverte has had one woman shows in Maryland and New Hampshire and her work is in numerous private and some public collections. Quoting Chaverte...."I paint, out of my feelings, my inner life, my love of nature and a need to search for values and truths in our universe." Studio Chaverte is at 4420 Norwood Road, Baltimore, Md. 21218.

Nancy Grant

MEA CULPA

Our Christmas Tree with simulated signatures on the front of the December VOICE had one very important omission. We did not have G. James Fleming, the grand-daddy of the VOICE.

Who called the omission to our notice? None but GJF himself! Our most sincere apologies. Our head is bowed in shame.

The article in December on the Country Store that said that it might have to close if no more volunteers were forthcoming did not mean that the doors would have to be locked all the time. However, if no salespersons can be found for the evening hours the store would have to be closed after the dinner hour. Demonstrations of talent are welcome both day and evening. Don't be backward in coming forward!

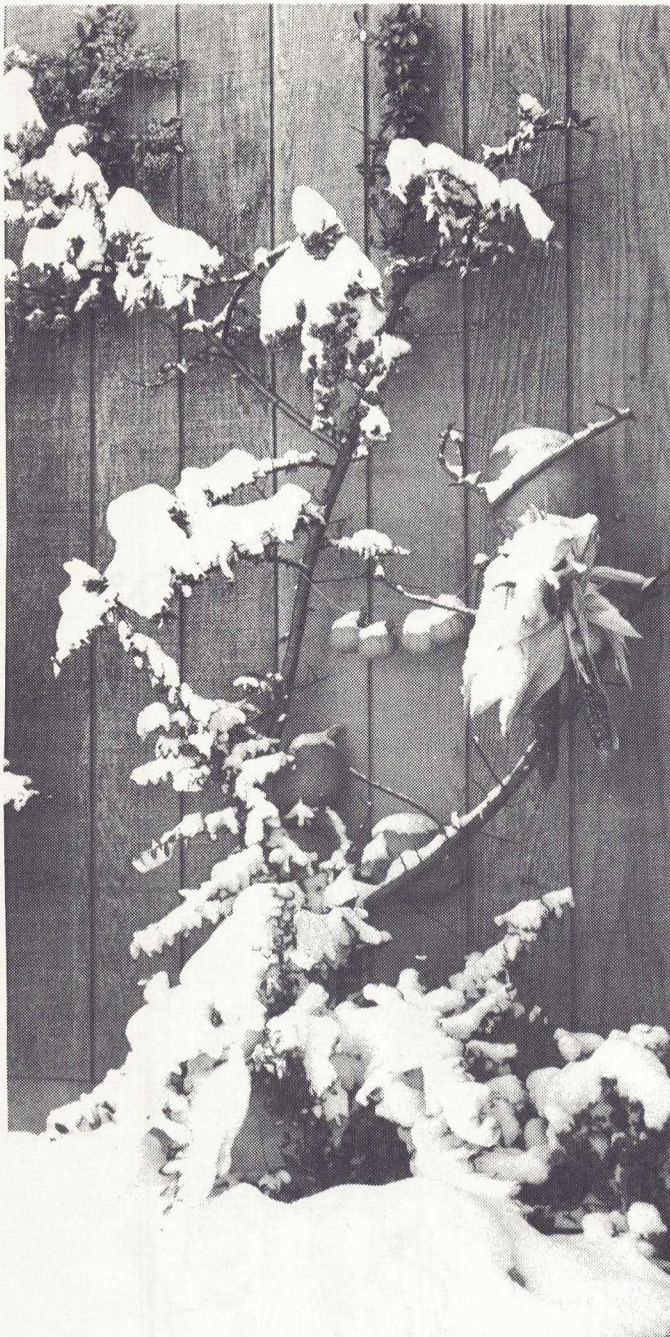
PYROCANTHA WITH PUMPKINS

Photo by Amos Horney taken in our early December snow of a shrub in Cluster "Q". He was intrigued by the juxtaposition of corn and pumpkins on this plant with bright orange berries.

The Voice would like to use other pictures of Broadmead that would show up well in black and white halftones. (Ed.)

Editor:

Dr. Crawford in his article on "doctor shopping" directs himself to a number of special problems and situations which can become very frustrating for all concerned. However, in his effort to analyze the difficulties which occur with relatively few patients, he underemphasizes the need for a successful partnership in a normal doctor-patient relationship.

Three groups of patients who see a number of different doctors in the course of a year are alluded to in the article. The "true" shopper is a person who seeks a new physician for each perceived new ailment without telling any of them what he or she is doing. This type of shopping around was somewhat more frequent in the days before Medicare and Medicaid.

Two other relatively small groups of patients are seen by many doctors in a short time span because the nature of their illnesses leads to many referrals, examinations and tests. Patients with complicated or multiple physical illnesses and patients with serious psycho-somatic disorders are the two groups in this category. They are not "shoppers" in the usual sense of the word, but the small number of patients with serious psycho-somatic disorders can cause many problems within the medical system and baffle relatives and friends. While recognizing these difficulties we must be sure we see these exceptions for what they are and not as the norm in patient-doctor relationships.

The wish to change one's doctor is not necessarily an act of "shopping around" or inappropriate reaction to medical explanations. It may simply mean that for a variety of reasons mutual understanding has not been accomplished. Mutual understanding has been an important ingredient of life at Broadmead since its inception. Its necessity in the

medical field has been well formulated by Kenneth Walker, a well-known British Consultant Surgeon, who published in 1957 a slim volume entitled "Doctors and Patients -- a layman's guide to doctors and doctoring." In its preface he deals with the importance of a doctor-patient relationship based on mutual respect and understanding. He considers it vital for effective diagnosis and treatment and points out that lack of understanding by a patient frequently leads to unwilling compliance with a prescribed regime or to rebellion by the patient.

Alice B. Toler, M.D.

EMPLOYEE CRAFTS

If you did not seek the Lower Level on November 19th you have cause for regret. The Employee Craft Show displayed talents of which most of us were unaware. Do you know that you could have purchased, or at least inspected, some remarkable handiwork? It is a puzzle to us how much could be done by those whose full-time job is to take care of us.

The intricate and colorful displays were on tables in the "Recreation Room." A partial listing would include knitted, crocheted and embroidered articles, tree ornaments and decorative pins to list but a few of the handmade items. And for those with less artistic cravings there were relishes, preserves and pumpkin bread. We have destroyed the evidence long since but it was delicious.

NO LANGUAGE BARRIER

There was one Broadmead Resident who needed no translator when she listened to the several speeches made by Mikhail Gorbachev, the Soviet leader, when he visited Washington for the 1987 summit meeting with President Ronald Reagan.

That Resident was Claire Walker who has spent nearly a professional lifetime teaching Russian at Friends School and who had visited the Soviet Union on eight different occasions - one summer enrolled in an intensive program for teachers of Russian (on the trip her historian husband, Kenneth, also went as an exchange teacher).

But Claire Walker's was not the only involvement with the summit at Broadmead. Besides the individual TV following which this historic meeting had, several Residents joined in a group meditation on four different occasions in the manner of Friends, and under the convening of Mary Cushing Niles.

Here and there, as the spirit moved these different gatherings, the sentiment was expressed that Broadmeaders, like the rest of the country, have great expectations of the implementation of the summit's efforts at nuclear control.

As to General Secretary Gorbachev, Residents here, too, found "much pleasure out of the favorable response he got everywhere." Residents marvelled at his "easy rapport."

When asked if she had met any people in the USSR that reminded her of Gorbachev, Claire Walker said, "Yes." She continued: "At the University of Moscow I found those at the head of the different departments all very easy to get along with - an easy rapport."

Once, also, Claire was on a team of teachers sent by the American Friends Service Committee to teach English to Russian teachers. This time she was in Leningrad, in addition to Moscow. She also visited a youth camp where nothing but English was spoken all summer (which caused the writer to wonder whether there is any such camp in the USA where nothing but Russian is spoken for an entire summer!).

Claire was also an original member of an international committee that, in 1972, set up what is now known as the "Olympiada" - an international contest which meets every three years in the USSR to test efficiency in the speaking of Russian. The last "Olympiada" was won by a Friends school student.

It was in 1956 that Claire started the pioneering program of teaching Russian on the high school level. This she continued at Friends school until she retired in 1975.

From her multi-faceted interest in the Russian language and literature - from contemporary Russian cartoons to the most classic of the Russian classics - Claire in 1981 was awarded the prestigious Pushkin Medal by the International Council of Teachers of Russian.

This, abbreviated, is the story of Claire Walker which placed her where, in 1987, she could listen to, and understand, the Russian-speaking and thinking, head of the Soviet Union without needing an interpreter. Would that some, or more, of our diplomats could do the same.

G. James Fleming



CAT CHAT

(The following purrsonal history was purrpetrated by a dog lover after purrsistent purrsuasion by the Editor.)

"Hallowell is in" - this message posted on the closed door of the Activities Room is a familiar caution to Broadmead members. It announces that Hallowell, a Companion Pet, is resting after eight hours of volunteered submission to the gentle attentions of 2nd floor Residents.

Hallowell has been "in" at Broadmead for 7½ years when as an unnamed cuddly kitten he became the community mascot. He was the offspring of brindle female and black male Shorthairs. Soon after his adoption a name was selected at a Cat Naming Coffee from 36 names submitted. John Stokes, now a fondly remembered Resident, assumed the cost of Hallowell's medical expenses and thereby became his Medicare; Broadmead provided food and shelter. Thus was the security of this eight-week old feline assured and his career of community service launched. But before he could be officially recognized as a Companion Pet he had to receive the certification of the Maryland State Health Department. Like all Broadmeaders, he receives annual "physicals" and necessary preventive shots.

Hallowell works an eight-hour day for which he receives far greater than a minimum wage paid in love by the people he serves. Penny Pentz, his week-days' sponsor, picks him up each morning and transports him via magazine cart to his second-floor workplace. His duties are passive; they are to receive the petting and coddling of Hallowell cat-lovers. On weekends he is cared for by Billy Tyson, Resident Cat Specialist.

Hallowell does not take well to visiting pets. Dogs evoke bristling of the smooth gray coat and some guttural noises from deep within. He likes to play with yarn and balls. On holidays he dresses up and at Christmas sends cards to friends.

Thank you, Hallowell, for providing a daily Purr Fest for the pleasure of our 2nd floor friends.

Dockie

(as told to L.H.)



 **art**

 **crafts**

LAST CALL

This is the last notice to remind you that all entries to the Hobby and Craft Show must be in by January 4th. This is necessary in order that the committee can arrange for table space and other necessities. If you can not get to the Bulletin Board to sign, please call any one of the committee.

Please be reminded you do not have to be a professional or an expert. We are all amateurs.

Hobby and Craft Committee
Gertrude Black Eleanor Terry
June Kerr Sam Hoover, Chairman

DISCUSSION GROUP

Ray Jenkins, Editor, the Editorial Page of the SUN, will be the speaker on Tuesday, Jan. 5, when the Discussion Group resumes its series after the Christmas holidays. He will discuss "Politics of 1988 - A Preview."

Formerly an assistant to the President of the United States, 1979-81, he is well versed in the ins and outs of the political system. In addition, he has been a newspaper man in both the south and the north, and has an intimate knowledge of the politics of regionalism.

In Baltimore he has been conductor of the editorial page of the Evening Sun since 1981 and is credited with injecting new life and leadership into that newspaper.

Jenkins, whose full name is Carrell Ray Jenkins, was born in Sylvester, Ga., in 1930. He earned the bachelor of arts degree from the University of Georgia, 1951, and the juris doctor degree from the Jones Law Institute, 1977.

He was a member of the reporting team that won the 1955 Pulitzer Prize for meritorious public service; editor, the editorial page of the Montgomery Advertiser, 1976-78; later becoming editor and vice-president of that journal.

He has been the recipient of many honors, including a Nieman Fellowship at Harvard University, 1964-65 and a National Endowment of Humanities Fellowship, Yale Law School, 1978.

In February, the Discussion Group will feature talks on the Republican and Democratic primaries, including the very historic "southern primary" coming up in March.

G. James Fleming

BROADMEAD WELCOMES

DR. MOSS and BEVERLY (BUMPS)
COMPTON - K-4 667-1878

More Comptons have joined our Broadmead family. (We now have more Comptons than Smiths or Joneses!) Bumps and Moss had each raised a family before being widowed and marrying eight years ago. He is a Princeton graduate, a retired gynecologist, has three children and is interested in wood and metal work. She was born in Washington but lived in Baltimore and Virginia as well as in D.C. She raised two sons and has been a life-long volunteer with a great interest in restoration and preservation of antiques and in gardening.

MRS. VIRGINIA TINLEY C-5 666-3361

Virginia is a native Baltimorean and another of our many graduates of Eastern High School. She raised a family, a son and a daughter who have produced her five grandchildren. She spent their childhood years as a mother, homemaker and volunteer. She served as a docent at Hampton House in Towson for 10 years and was active in church work. She and her late husband did a great deal of business travelling (he was in mortgage loans and head of Weaver Brothers), managed their near-by farm, and collected country antiques. After his death 11 years ago, she became interested in an interdenominational group called the Christian Womens Club and this has filled a great void in her life. She expects to participate in Broadmead activities but wishes to maintain her Baltimore connections as well.

Apartment Change:

Chauncey and Beulah Tatum
C-15 to T-366 and 368

SYMBOLIC BAKING

Sugar and spice and everything nice make holiday goodies delicious. But the ingredients have more than flavor in the 12 Days of Christmas. Fruits and nuts are significant of the gifts brought by the Magi to the Baby Jesus and the shapes of the bread or cake are also symbolical.

In Medieval times few people could read or write. Since the Bible stories were the only literature that was known to the masses, the clergy saw to it that people were reminded of the old, old story. Stained glass windows in the churches all told of the Creation and each aspect of daily living made religion more meaningful.

Some vestiges of all this remain in the 20th Century, a more secular age. Coffee cakes and breads, for example, are to be found in bake shops. The German coffee cake, Stollen, is the most familiar. Not only does this include in its ingredients fruits and nuts, it is also shaped to resemble the Babe himself wrapped in swaddling clothes, triangular in shape as if in its mother's arms. The basic recipe for all these coffee cakes is the same, but the shape varies by the country of its origin. In France, a Christmas bread is often seen braided resembling the coiffure of the Virgin Mary. In the Middle East and Russia the coffee cake is molded in a can, rising about the top so that the bread looks like a mushroom. The symbolism here is the onion tower of the Orthodox church.

The bread and cakes are always sweet for this was a special treat in countries where sugar was scarce. In our own country the Christmas treats were made even in wartime. In the war between the states, we are told that crystallized fruits may have been non-existent but preserves and peach seeds - resembling

almonds - were used, and, instead of sugar, sorghum and molasses took their place. Even fruit cake underwent changes. Sometimes, the variation on the recipe was retained long after the necessity was over.

In France the feast on Christmas Eve after Mass always included the Buche de Noel. This had no religious significance, apparently, but was a feature of the buffet. This was a chocolate cake, shaped to resemble a log. Basically it was a jelly roll, a chocolate sponge cake rolled up and filled with whipped cream. It was frosted with more chocolate, not as sweet as ours, and decorated with icing trailing like a vine or garnished with crystallized violets.

Christmas in Medieval times ended with Twelfth Night. This was a fun occasion, especially in the Elizabethan period. The King and Queen were chosen and subjects did their bidding, creating plays and acting them out. Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was written for such an occasion. The feature here was the King's cake, a flat pancake in which was baked a coin, bean or little doll. Whoever cut the slice that had this trophy was dubbed King and, in turn, chose his cohort.

On Twelfth Night in the olden days, the yule log burned its last, the halls were undecked of greens, and a splinter of burned wood from this year's yule log was saved for next year.

Christmastime was over, but the symbolical breads had another day when Easter came, when Hot Cross Buns were symbolical.

Mildred Williams

MEET BONNIE RITZ

She's a dynamo. She's full of energy. She's full of ideas. She likes to be directly involved in helping people. She is Bonnie Ritz, the new nurse in Outpatient Department.

Bonnie is helping Leslie, and one of her responsibilities is "vice president in charge of pills," updating and coordinating all pharmacy and Broadmead medication records. She is checking all medications for all Residents, a formidable job. Bonnie urges everyone who comes to bring a list of all his/her medications, including over-the-counter ones. This will help her greatly to update our individual records.

Bonnie's first job was in a surgical intensive care unit. She has had extensive experience in intensive care units - at the University of Maryland Hospital, at the VA Hospital at Ft. Howard, and in the shock trauma unit at the University of Maryland Hospital. She came to Broadmead from the urologic cancer unit where she administered chemotherapy to patients with testicular cancer. Although this was a high stress job, she found it very rewarding. Testicular cancer hits young men almost exclusively, but there have been many advances in its treatment, and now this particular cancer is curable.

Bonnie is keenly interested in working with patients to help them understand their problems and what can be done about them. In the cancer unit she came to know her patients well, for some chemotherapy treatments require 5 to 6 hours to complete. Repeated treatments meant that nurse and patient spent many hours together. Bonnie felt that she was able to help these ill people to understand and cope with their disease.

During her college years, Bonnie worked part-time in a nursing home to help pay expenses. She graduated from Towson State University with a BS degree. She and our own Pat Brown Ketler were both in the first class of nurses at TSU.

Bonnie and her husband and family live near by. Her husband is a police officer in Baltimore. They have three children - Billie, Brian and Jennifer, ages 11, 12, 9. Bonnie is interested in photography (Camera Club, take note), in travel, in energy conservation, and most of all her family and people.

When you see an unfamiliar face around the first floor area (she will be wearing a white coat), introduce yourself to Bonnie. You will be helping her to get to know us and you will be getting to know a very interesting and talented young lady.

Helen Criley



IN MEMORIAM

Faber Stevenson

December 2, 1903 December 3, 1987

Helen L. Howlett

February 9, 1905 December 10, 1987

ELIZABETH EMMONS

November 26, 1904 December 12, 1987

DR. SHELDON KRAVITZ, PIANISTNovember 15, 1987

Dr. Sheldon Kravitz is chief of hematology and oncology at the Union Memorial Hospital. His love of music dates from childhood lessons on the piano. Later there grew a special regard for jazz and "pop" music, and eight years ago Dr. Kravitz decided to resume long discontinued study of the piano. He became a pupil of Spencer Huffman whose arrangements of twelve popular classics of the "forties" were a major part of the afternoon program.

The concert began with Chopin's Nocturne in E-flat major. For Dr. Kravitz this tuneful piece has sentimental association with Eddie Duchin, well-loved musician of the 40's who died young of leukemia while under the intern care of Dr. Kravitz. The lively Rondo from Beethoven's Pathétique Sonata concluded a delightfully variegated concert.

The pianist announced that this was his initial public appearance and, although a rocky beginning did not evolve into a flawless effort, improved performance developed with increasing keyboard comfort. Dr. Kravitz's post concert comment was, "My program carried me." No, doctor, it was your warm ongoingness and the instant rapport you established with appreciating listeners. Thank you for permitting us to be your first "live" audience.

B-Flat

ON THE
RUXTON ROCKET

Lutherville 7 A.M.

The station was a rather long, two-story building of gray stone divided on the first floor into the Station Master's Office and a Waiting Room. The second floor was an apartment. The walls were about two feet thick with occasional windows and deep window seats. The office was the smaller of the two rooms and a large sign across the front of the building proclaimed "LUTHERVILLE" in gold letters on a red background.

Usually the first commuter to arrive was the Lady Boxer always well groomed in a tan suit with a bit of white at the throat. Frequently she brought the Station Master a SUN paper purloined from someone's lawn or steps. Once at the station she sat in one of the window seats until the train arrived. Of course, she was not a female pugilist but a handsome dog. When the train arrived she went immediately to the baggage car for the ride to town where she waited for the next train back.

Most passengers sat in the Waiting Room after buying their tickets but a small group were allowed in the Office. All but one

of these worked either for the Pennsylvania or the B & O Railroad. Other riders were told, "The local will be a few minutes late" but the insiders heard the Station Master call up the line to get the details - that the local was on a siding to let the Liberty Limited pass; that snow had delayed the Limited; the Limited was late out of Pittsburgh, etc. If the delay was great enough the Local was sent down ahead of the Limited.

The affairs of the world, particularly the Orioles and the Colts,

See Next Page

were settled in the Office and sometimes the Station Master would tell of the days when the Limited stopped to pick up or discharge "Boss" Talbot or how he used to get delivery of his whiskey - eight or ten barrels at a time.

There was always a special aroma about the station at Christmas time as crates of oranges and grapefruit, and sometimes Christmas trees, were delivered at the station to be picked up by addressees in the Valley. (Railways Express did not deliver.) Of course some of the folks in the Valley would be away for the holidays and the fruit would get over-ripe and have to be thrown out.

In the early days and during World War II the Waiting Room would be jammed with trunks and suitcases for the young ladies at the Maryland College for Women; and sometimes there would be a special car brought in for the group headed for New Jersey and New York City.

There was one irascible gentleman who often absorbed several martinis between his office and the station. Although the Conductor always woke up passengers who dozed off in time to alight at the proper station, he often forgot with this gentleman and roused him at the station after the one he wanted.

The ride to Baltimore and return could be fascinating for many reasons: ducks and geese, or fishermen at Lake Roland; big blue and the little green and white herons fishing in Jones Falls; seasonal flowers along the railroad cuts; times when all the passengers would pile out of the train to remove a fallen branch from the tracks when it had been downed by snow or ice; the discovery of a nude female on the tracks who had been tossed from the bridge above; a train fire at Mt. Washington when the passengers took refuge in the saloon across the tracks and the sight of young boys skinny-dipping and diving off a high rock in the Falls.

Railroad service became less and less as time went on. The steam engines were replaced by diesels and then for a while there was only a single coach with a diesel engine in the front. The Station Master was demoted to attending to the business at several stations until finally service stopped altogether. The hard core commuters were then required to make shift with a bus. At the present time the tracks have been torn up north of Cockeysville and are in such bad repair that the occasional freight that comes to the McCormick Industrial Park is limited to a speed of ten miles an hour. Sic transit gloria.

1b



DINING ROOM

Those who seek to ameliorate some of the conditions in the Dining Room are not to be envied. Theirs is no easy task as many possible solutions may only create new problems.

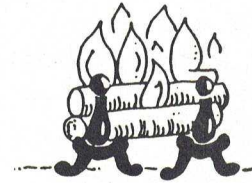
One major problem is the excessive sunlight and glare from the setting sun which can be painful to many, and if not painful, essentially blinding to others. It is too late to have the architect put the Dining Room on the east side. Really opaque curtains definitely block a pleasant view. Glass which will reflect the light but not screen the view is probably a technical problem not beyond solution but one for engineers and not decorators. One wonders about flexible, plastic curtains that could be rolled up when not in use. True, they might color the view a little but the 90 minutes for dining is only 6.25% of the day.

A second problem is that of the excessive noise at times. It seems to be of no concern at noon or shortly after 5 P.M. Perhaps the real problem is not "noise" but people. There seems to be a tendency for people to talk louder after 6 P.M. There are many ways to deaden sound with acoustical materials which would alter the appearance of the Dining Room. One wonders if some types of baffles high above the room would be of use.

Most of us regard Broadmead as home (not as a Home or Hotel) and as a place for everyday dining with friends. There is no place here for waitresses in stark black dresses and white aprons or young men in severe black with a white linen napkin over the left arm and black ties or for that matter, girls in colonial costumes and mobcaps. We have attained an air of serenity and quiet simplicity enlivened by Servers who remind us of our children on their first jobs.

At any rate, let us trust that any redecorating will not alter the quiet ambience of the room. It is comfortable, underplayed and we need not try to emulate the Hiltons or their ilk.

lb



CASUAL COMMENT

There are fireplaces in both the Main and Lower Lounges. To use them one has only to open the glass doors and apply a lighted match. Usually Administration sees that the fire is laid ready for use but, if not, paper, kindling and logs are available and everyone knows best how a fire should be laid. Sometime some good-looking and adequate fireplace irons may turn up in the Barn Sale and can replace what masquerades as fireplace tools in the Lounge.

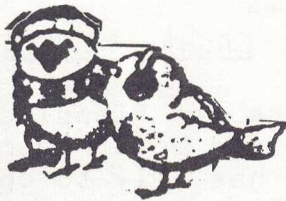
Should you want to leave before the fire burns down to ashes just close the glass doors and go away. The only reason not to enjoy a fire on a cold night might be the lack of a match and the energy to apply it.

Why the green ink in the last VOICE? Just thought it would look Christmasy. PIP, our printer, was doing a job in green for someone else and since he was set up for a job in green he offered to do our cover for no extra charge.

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What would happen if those who ordered a regular dessert and a banana were to receive the banana already sliced in a small dish?

Do the rolls proffered diners but rejected get thrown out or do they end in bread pudding? And what happens to the crackers served with soup but not used?



*Happy
New
Year!*



Broadmead

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VOICE OF THE RESIDENTS

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